

The Spinster

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1901

# The Spinster (1901)

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# THE SPINSTER

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Where Singleness is Bliss, 't is Folly to be Wives.

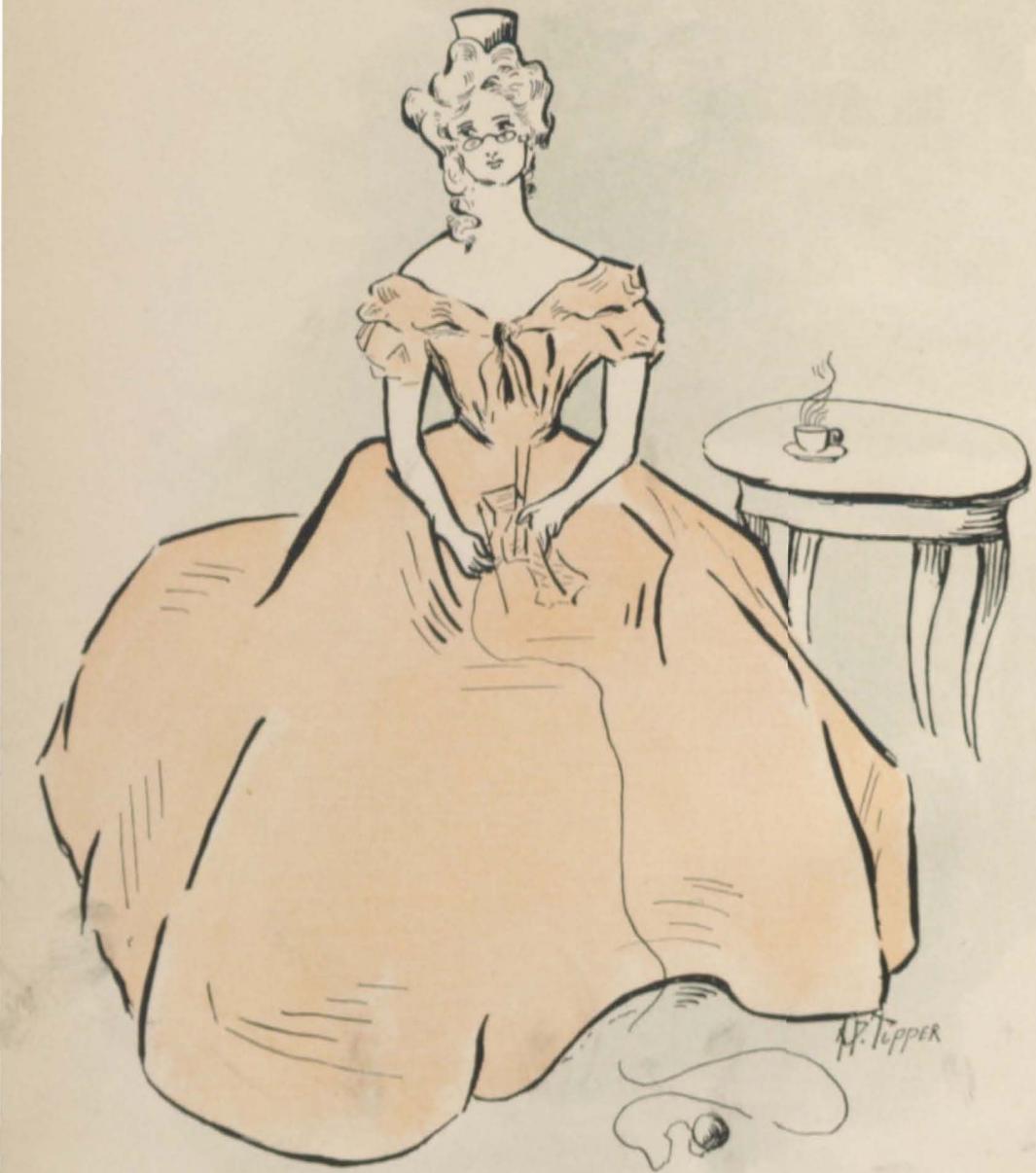


EDITED BY THE STUDENTS OF

HOLLINS INSTITUTE, VIRGINIA.

1901

To those whose places we have  
tried to fill—the Alumnae.



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MISS ROSALIE THORNTON,  
Piano.

MISS MARGARET FAY,  
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Violin and Kindred Instruments.

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Allen, Margaret	Virginia
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Anderson, Mary	Alabama
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Armistead, Gertrude	Virginia
Ayres, Inez	Texas
Baggett, Rebe	Texas
Baggett, Winnie	Texas
Baker, Maud	Virginia
Bassett, Mabel	Florida
Bassett, Grace	Virginia
Battaile, Estelle	Virginia
Baughman, Dora	Kentucky
Baughman, Catherine	Kentucky
Beale, Lucy	Virginia
Biscoe, Keats	Arkansas
Blair, Louise	North Carolina
Blanchard, Emma	Georgia
Blanchard, Etta	Georgia
Booth, Florence	Ohio
Bower, Mabel	Virginia
Bramlitt, Lydia	Mississippi
Bransford, Caroline	Virginia
Braswell, Margaret	North Carolina
Bray, Anna Bell	Virginia
Buck, Carolyn	Kentucky
Buckner, Lucy	Kentucky
Burford, Minnebel	Texas
Camp, Lucy	Florida
Campbell, Cressie	Texas
Campbell, Laura	Texas

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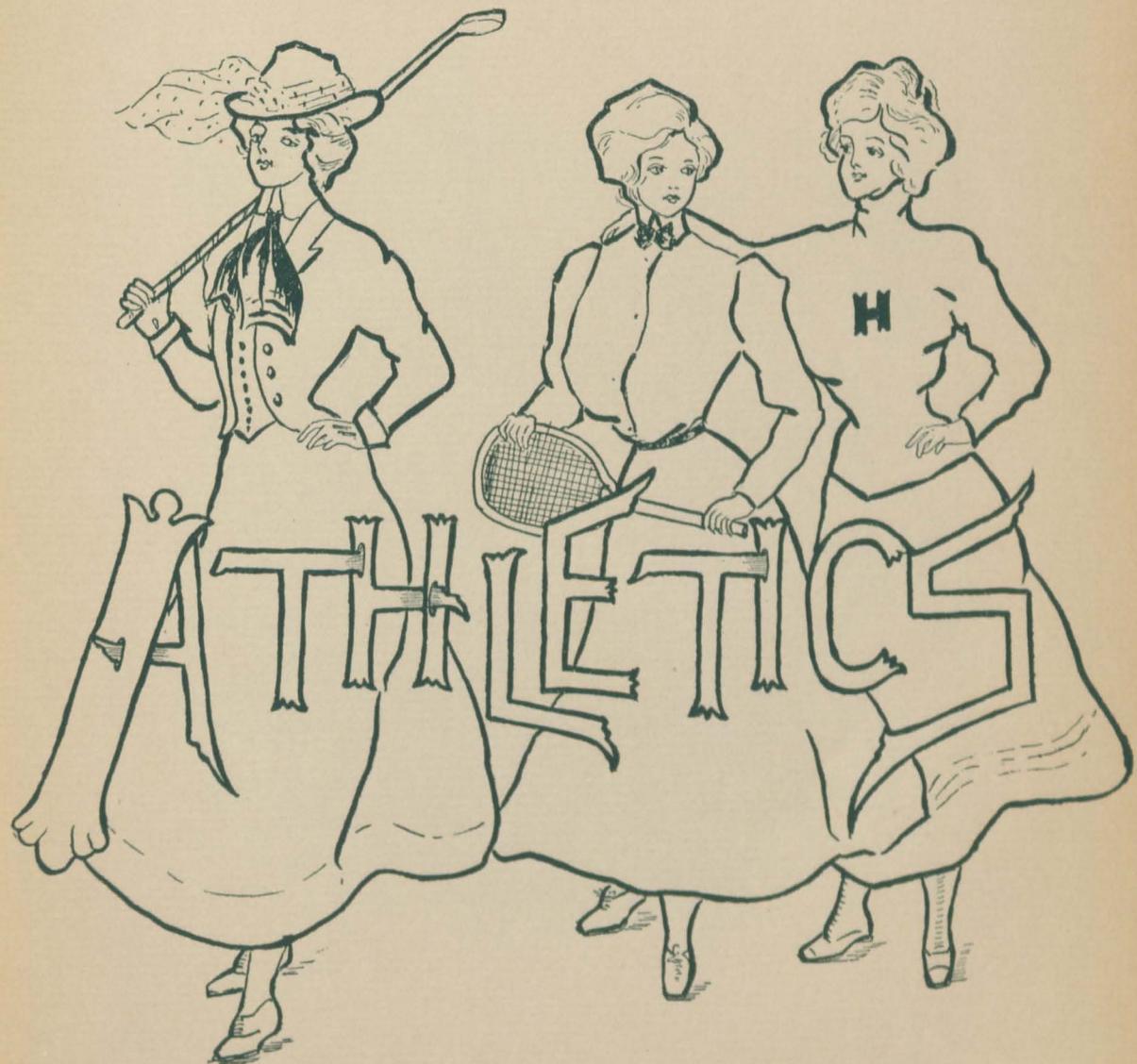
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"Julie, have you written your story?"  
I never spoke, I just glared at her.  
"Is it all written?" she sweetly simpered.  
"Written!" I sobbed.  
"Written!!" I cried.  
"Written!!!" I yelped.  
"I—wish—the—woman—who—said—we—had—a—story—to—  
write—"  
"Oh, Julie!"  
"Oh, Marie! y—e—s;—I—do—w—i—s—h—i—t— and, you 'll—never—keep—  
me from—wishing—it!"

JULIA B. ROBERTSON.



## The Yemassee.

### Colors.

Red and Black.

### Yell.

Chicka, chicka, chow !  
Bicka, Bicka, bow !  
Chicka, chicka, quack !  
Red and Black !  
Rah !

### TUNE: "Clementine."

At the ball game on Thanksgiving,  
When the Crimson players win,  
Then the rooters and the tooters  
All must holler just like sin !

#### *Chorus:*

Rah ! for Crimson !  
Rah ! for Crimson !  
Of all others we 're ahead,  
We will hold the cup forever !  
Three cheers for the Black and Red !

We will beat you,  
We 'll defeat you  
We, the winning Red and Blacks,  
Alas, for you, you 'll get the game, girls,  
Where the chicken got the axe ?

#### *Chorus:*

Rah ! for Crimson ! etc.



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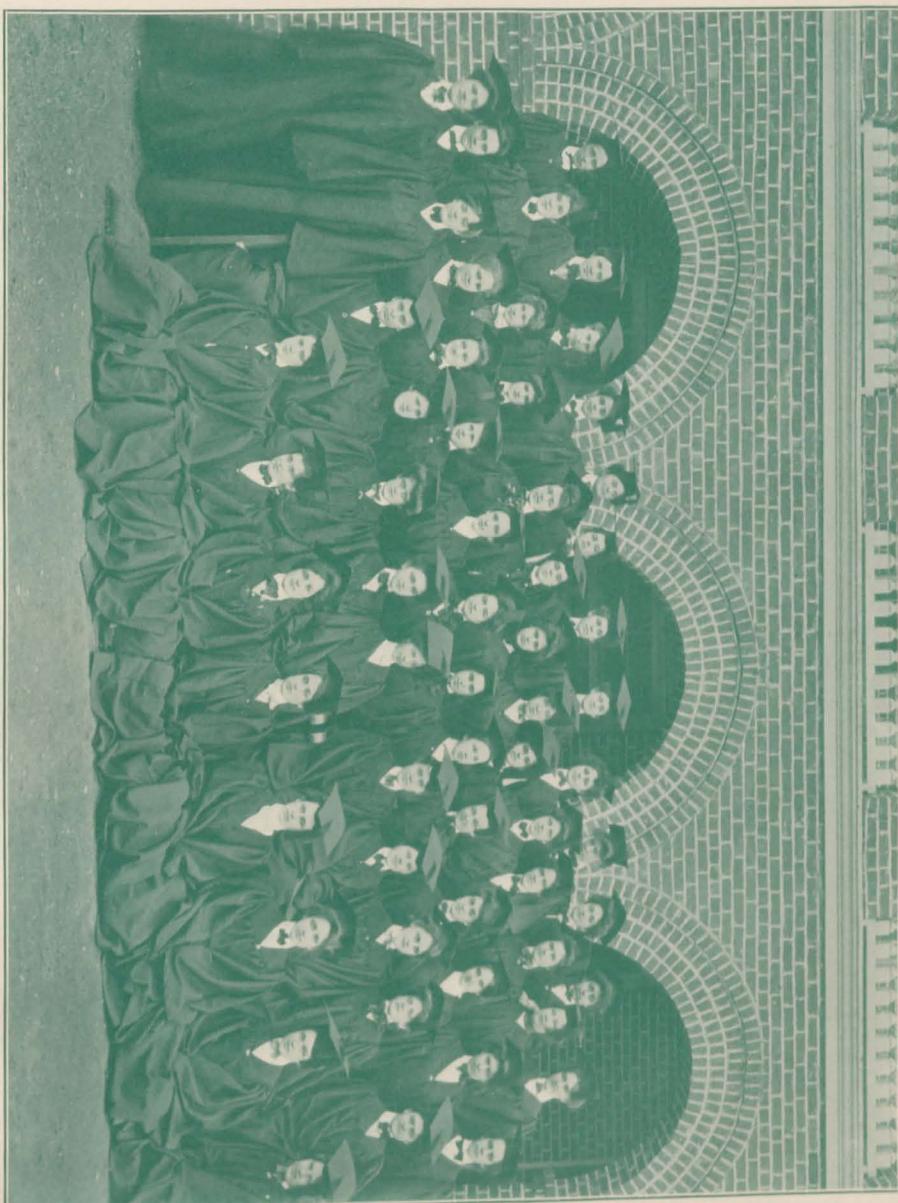
LUCY DUKE

### Final Officers.

eva MURRAY

ALLENE TUPPER

EUZELIAN LITERARY SOCIETY





Nan Wright      Elizabeth Carney      Eva Murray  
 Frances Wait      Emmie Blanchard      Etta Blanchard  
 Lucile Carter      Laura Spencer      Daisy Estes  
 Hafford Porter

## Kaffee Klatsch Klubb.

### Motto.

"He who eats and runs away, will live to eat another day."

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EMMA <i>Hungry</i> BLANCHARD . . . . .	Egg Marmalade
LUCILE <i>Starved</i> CARTER . . . . .	Vienna Sausages
ELIZABETH <i>Eatallshecan</i> CARNEY . . . . .	Digestive Mint Candy
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ETTA <i>Unsatisfiable</i> BLANCHARD . . . . .	Lump Cocoa
HAFFORD <i>Devouring</i> PORTER . . . . .	Fricasseed Beans

\* Deceased.

#### Specialties.



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 Anna Bell Bray      Matty Cocke      Leta Watts      Mary Dill      Lucy Duke  
 Sadie Horner      Mary Harman

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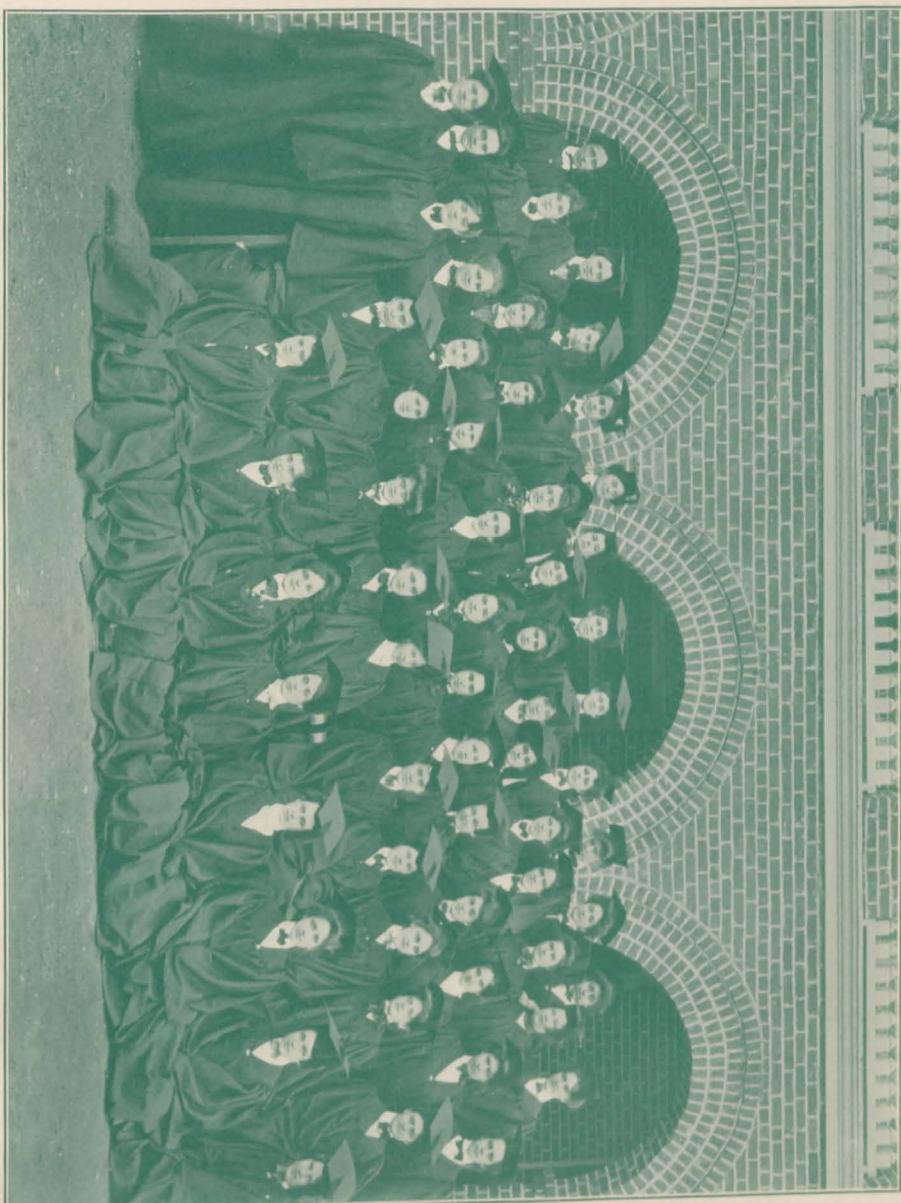
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Biscoe, Keats	Arkansas
Blair, Louise	North Carolina
Blanchard, Emma	Georgia
Blanchard, Etta	Georgia
Booth, Florence	Ohio
Bower, Mabel	Virginia
Bramlett, Lydia	Mississippi
Bransford, Caroline	Virginia
Braswell, Margaret	North Carolina
Bray, Anna Bell	Virginia
Buck, Carolyn	Kentucky
Buckner, Lucy	Kentucky
Burford, Minnebel	Texas
Camp, Lucy	Florida
Campbell, Cressie	Texas
Campbell, Laura	Texas

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Carter, Lucile	Virginia
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Chenault, Eleanor	Kentucky
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Clay, Mary	Kentucky
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Cocke, Leonora	Virginia
Cocke, Margaret	Virginia
Cocke, Anita	Texas
Cocke, Mary Stuart	Virginia
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Coker, Lavinia	South Carolina
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Crill, Blanch	Florida
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Davant, Ethel	Tennessee
Davidson, Eva	Virginia
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Denny, Mary	Georgia
Deyerle, Julia	Virginia
Dickinson, Hallie	Virginia
Dill, Mary	Missouri
Dimon, Evelyn	Georgia
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Fitzpatrick, Eunice	Virginia
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Ford, Louise	Virginia
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Funk, Pauline	Virginia
Gardiner, Ethel	Virginia
Gathright, Eleanor	Virginia
George, Nellie	Virginia
Glenn, Rebecca	North Carolina
Goshorn, Charlotte	West Virginia
Greenwood, Grace	Virginia
Griffin, Lizzette	Mississippi
Griffin, Jennis	Texas
Haden, Gray	Virginia
Hale, Ruth	Tennessee
Hansbrough, Ethel	Virginia
Harman, Mary	Virginia
Harrelson, Anne	Missouri
Harrelson, Helen	Missouri
Henderson, Mildred	Texas
Henderson, Gordon	Tennessee
Hickman, Corneille	Virginia
Hill, Itasca	Texas
Hinton, Ethel	West Virginia
Holtzclaw, Edna	Virginia
Horner, Sadie	Virginia
Horner, Elizabeth	Arkansas
Hoye, Lucy	Mississippi
Hudgins, Fay	Texas
Hudson, Mary	Texas
Hughs, Lallage	Texas
Hume, Annie	North Carolina

Tarleton, Josephine	Kentucky
Thornhill, Madeline	Virginia
Thornton, Rosalie	Virginia
Thweatt, Aurelia	Arkansas
Tinsley, Lillie	Kentucky
Trant, Mildred	Virginia
Trant, Emma	Virginia
Travis, Alma	Tennessee
Tupper, Allene	New York
Tupper, Katherine	New York
Turney, Edna	Kentucky
Urquhart, Helen	Virginia
Virden, Lucille	Alabama
Wait, Frances	Tennessee
Walters, Margaret	North Carolina
Ward, Aileen	South Carolina
Watts, Leta	Virginia
Weiss, Elsa	Texas
White, Beatrice	Alabama
White, Mattie	Alabama
Wilhoite, Lillian	Tennessee
Wilkins, Nannie	Virginia
Williams, Ethel	Virginia
Williamson, Martha	Virginia
Williamson, Mary	Virginia
Wilson, Julia	Texas
Withers, Bessie	North Carolina
Wood, Lillian	South Carolina
Wootters, Frances	Texas
Wright, Nan	Arkansas
Webster, Flora	Texas
Young, Charmian	Virginia



SUSIE POLLARD      MARTHA WILLIAMSON      KATHERINE TUPPER  
 ETTA BLANCHARD      ALLENE TUPPER      FRANCES WOOTTERS

## The Spinster Staff.

1901.

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## The Class of Nineteen One.

The Year Nineteen Hundred and One  
Has been started, passed over and done,  
And you truthfully hear  
That the class of this year  
Was the finest one under the sun.

This class so brilliant and rare,  
Was gathered from 'most everywhere;  
They were of all ages,  
These twenty-one sages,  
Now freed from trouble and care.

The young lady from South Carolina  
Is so fine she couldn't be finer;  
But 't will be a great pity  
To appoint a committee,  
When Eva goes back to Car'olina.

We 'll tell you about Miss Maud Baker,  
Who 'd ne'er study unless you would make her,  
She 's slender and tall,  
And that isn't all,  
For in Latin indeed she 's no fakir.

Perhaps you have quite often heard  
Of Anne Hume— Oh, she is a bird !  
A loud, lively girl  
With heart in a whirl,  
And her English, indeed, is absurd.

Miss Booth, the young lady of Ohio,  
Out walking got stuck in the mire;  
Our president neat,  
Got mud on her feet,  
And a professor was standing right by her.

The fair and excited Miss Porter,  
We 'd call your attention to note her;  
She talks very much,  
Is quite fond of such;  
"Good hearted," you surely would vote her.

And Miss Estes comes next in our line,  
She 's the girl who is always behind ;  
Oh, she is a daisy,  
But not at all crazy,  
At the organ she 's perfectly fine.

We will here say of Miss Allene Tupper,  
She 's never in time for her supper;  
Now that 's 'gainst the law,  
But the lady can draw,  
So that we forgive in Miss Tupper.

How delighted 'one 's always to see,  
Emmie Blanchard as nice as can be;  
Though she has a fine beau,  
She does not say so,  
She 's a girl with much spirit and glee.

Of our girls who much hard work have done,  
Miss Fitzpatrick could not be called one ;  
In matters of state,  
Or in a debate,  
She oft takes a great part for the fun.

There 's Sue Pollard who 's sweet but quite slow,  
Her intelligent look says "I know";  
You can't turn her down,  
For Richmond 's her town,  
She 's a *capital* girl with a beau.

There was a young lady of Rome,  
Hair fixed on the side with a comb;  
'T was Mary Dennee,  
And to get her degree,  
She came all the way from her home.

The next to be spoken of here,  
Is forsooth, Etta Blanchard, so dear ;  
She came from Columbus,  
Not very far from us,  
She 's entirely too stupid, I fear.

And we all have great admiration  
For Miss Cocke who 's without affectation ;  
Though she 's hard to be best,  
She 's not at all sweet,  
In the city she 'll make a sensation.

From Louisville, J. Tarleton came,  
With her fashion, her French, and her fame ;  
Globe trotting 's her forte,  
She thinks it great sport,  
It 's a wonder that she isn't lame.

Away from the single star state  
Came our senior musician, so great ;  
Frances Wootters is she,  
But 't is too bad to be  
Every morning at breakfast so late.

Nellie, fair Nellie, with high pompadour,  
Has filled her brain with knowledge galore ;  
She 'd go find some nook,  
With her Old English book,  
To dig for the ancient lore.

There 's Elizabeth Reynolds with serious face,  
She thinks to be witty is not a disgrace ;  
She 's always on time,  
Makes many a rhyme,  
From our thoughts she 'll be hard to erase.

Now Miss Hudson 's not slender one bit,  
She is known far and wide for her wit ;  
She would if she could,  
Be equally good  
In Chemistry, Logic, and Lit.

There 's Marion Rainey, unusually tall,  
She 's bright and happy and graceful withal ;  
From New Orleans she came,  
And high is her aim,  
We hope that she 'll not miss her call.

One girl in this world who ne'er will be left,  
Is our hurrying, flurrying Roberta Neff ;  
You wouldn't stop " Bob, "  
If you wanted your job,  
Or you 'd of your sense be quickly bereft.

You 'll now hear us tell of Miss Pearl,  
Who is always known by her curl ;  
She 'll get her degree,  
In one year, and be free,  
Oh, she 's a real jewel, this girl !

S. V. P. AND E. H. B.



West Building in 1850.



## History of the West Building.

In 1644, according to William H. Dixon, the biographer of William Penn, there were two great events in England. The first was the birth of Quakerism; the second was the birth of William Penn. The first happened after this wise. "Three Leicestershire rustics, one of whom was a rude and saturnine lad of nineteen, met at a fair, and resolved to have a stoup of ale together. After exhausting the first supply, two of the bumpkins, feeling somewhat mellow, called for more, and vowed that he who would not drink should pay the score. The other, who neither relished deep draughts himself nor paying for them for others, demurred, and taking a groat from his pocket laid it on the table, and said: 'If it be so, I will leave you,' which he did, and went home filled with strange and gloomy thoughts. This simple village ale-house incident," says Mr. Dixon, "was one of the most important events which had yet happened in the history of the Anglo-Saxon race, for out of it was to come Quakerism, the writings and teachings of Penn and Barclay, the colony and constitution of Pennsylvania, the republics of the West, and in no remote degree, the vast movement of liberal ideas in Great Britain and America, in more modern times."

Almost exactly two hundred years later there occurred, according to our ideas, two great events in the Southern States. The first was the coming of Dr. Charles L. Cocke, in 1846, to take charge of the Valley Union Seminary, now Hollins Institute, and the second, of changing it, a few years later, into a school for the higher education of women, the first of its kind in the South.

How it happened that Dr. Cocke's lot was cast in the lovely valley where Hollins Institute stands, is best told by the grand old man himself on the occasion of the school's fiftieth anniversary.

"About the year 1840, a gentleman came to Virginia from one of the Northern States, probably New York, and located in this section. He was a minister of the gospel of the Baptist faith, though he held no pastorate in Virginia. He was an enthusiast on the subject of education, and had visited other sections of the South, and made unsuccessful attempts to establish schools. Finding the premises on which Hollins Institute now is situated, a deserted watering-place on account of the death of the

proprietor, with many unoccupied buildings, and offered for sale, he suggested the purchase of the property for educational purposes. His plan was to establish a school of high grade for both sexes, and with this in view, he organized a society for life-members, under the imposing title of, 'The Valley Union Education Society of Virginia,' to take charge of and conduct the school. The sole condition of membership in this society was the payment of fifty dollars. It was not to be a sectarian school but a benevolent enterprise for the general good of society. This gentleman's name was Joshua Bradley, and he was somewhat advanced in years. In former years he held pastorates in the North, and at one time was the pastor of the late Dr. Cutting, of New York. Before his plans were systematized and before any payment was made, he was allowed to occupy the property. By general consent he was himself made principal of the Institution, and he opened the first session in 1842, with highly encouraging prospects. Some ninety or one hundred pupils were in attendance, which was considered in that day a very respectable number even for a college. Having not a single qualification for such a position, at least in this State, save that of great enthusiasm, he soon found himself embarrassed by serious troubles—his teachers rebelled, and his pupils became demoralized. So at the end of the first session, he resigned and bid a final adieu to the infant enterprise. He left Virginia, and located in the State of Missouri, where he died.

"The Society, which he had suggested, however, still survived, and attempted to continue the school. A charter was secured, but this charter ignored the benevolent feature of the organization, and made the life-memberships stock, transferable by sale or bequest, and the Society thus became really a joint stock corporation. It still, however, recognized the general principles suggested by Mr. Bradley. Those principles were very broad and liberal, but among them was one requiring the principal of the school, to be a graduate of an American college, and a member of the Baptist denomination. Thus the burden of financial support was devolved on that denomination, and the large majority of its trustees have been of that religious persuasion.

"The school continued its work with varying success, under different managers, until 1846, when suddenly it found itself squarely confronted by a serious alternative—indeed on the brink of a precipice. The deferred payments of the purchase money became due, with no funds in the treasury. Payment must be made at once or the property would go to sale. In this emergency, I was called upon to furnish a certain sum of money and



1854.

take charge of the enterprise or a total abandonment of the school would speedily ensue. I was then an officer in Richmond College—indeed I held two positions—that of teacher of mathematics and business agent. But I determined to accept the proposition and to transfer my lot and my labors to this section of the State.

"On the twenty-third of June, 1846, about three o'clock in the afternoon, after a five days' journey from the city of Richmond, I reached this scene of my future toils. All was silent as a graveyard. The place presented the appearance of a deserted village. The walks had been obliterated by grass and weeds, the buildings and fencing were going to decay, pupils all scattered, never to return, and not one in sight for the approaching session. The only relief to these gloomy surroundings was the sulphur spring, and the natural beauties of the place, with its romantic scenery around. These were delightful and inspiring to a lowlander from their very novelty and ever-varying hues and aspects. When we began to mingle with the people, there was no cheering response to our views and plans for conducting an institution of high grade in their midst. Strange indeed that I did not lose hope and heart in the undertaking, and retrace my steps to the scenes of earlier years! But I came for a purpose. I looked the situation squarely in the face, and with determined energy and hopeful spirit commenced work.

"In the course of a few sessions the premises were fully occupied—both departments were full to overflowing. In the year 1851, the acting board determined to suspend the male department and open the next session for girls only. Two considerations determined the question. First, the accommodations were not adequate for both schools. Second, in all Virginia, at that time, there was not a single permanent chartered school for girls. There were many private schools with limited facilities and advantages that sent forth to society charming ladies, with a refined social culture and beautiful domestic and Christian virtues. But there was no school permanently established, with broad systematic courses of study and advanced standards of scholarship. These considerations decided the question.

"The session of 1852-1853 opened with good prospects, and very soon the premises were filled with bright and blooming girls, largely from country homes. It continued to prosper. The courses of study had been broadened and elevated when the change was made, and better adapted to the varied demands of female culture. And here were plain girls from country places studying Latin, higher mathematics and the philosophies,

and at the same time the school was full—girls coming from all parts of Virginia. This result was startling. The people were in advance of their leaders on educational questions. The fact was made palpable to all beholders that the State was ripe for the higher education of women. Hence numerous schools for girls soon sprang into existence—more than sufficient, indeed, to supply the demand. The success of this school was pointed to as evidence of the necessity, and an assurance of the success, of others. Many such schools in Virginia date their origin in the sixth decade of this century. Probably the greatest work this school has ever done is the inspiration it gave to the cause of female education in Virginia, in its early history."

And all this great work with its far-reaching results was performed in the old West Building, which up to the year 1856, was the only substantial structure of the Institute.

It is the history of this dear old building that especially concerns us just now. From the illustration we learn that the original one was rather a modest edifice, though in those early days, no doubt, everybody was proud of its imposing aspect. We learn that the basement of the central part of the first West Building was used as a dining-room, the ground floor as a chapel, and the second story as dormitories for the young ladies. This central part extended twenty-five feet farther to the rear than it did when torn down last summer. Dr. Cocke had his private room on the right side on entering the building, and the parlor was on the left side.

The first change in the original West Building took place in 1850 when six rooms were added on each side to the central part, making the whole structure one hundred and forty feet long and two stories high. In addition to this, two brick cottages for classroom purposes were erected on the west end of the improved building which at that time bore the name of main building. The upward movement had begun. In 1854, the double portico was built which gave the building that peculiarly cozy appearance so well known to all Hollins girls.

In 1859, the frame cottage, containing a professor's room and the business office of the school, was attached to the east end of the building.

In 1891, this frame cottage was removed to give place to a substantial three-story brick structure in which the infirmary and rooms of the resident physician are located. A similar change was made on the right side where a corresponding brick building took the place of the two cottages erected in 1850. Here are located the magnificent halls of the two literary



societies where the Euzelians and the Euepians meet regularly once a week, and also the Young Women's Christian Association room, a cozy parlor in which many sweet hours of prayer brought solace to the visitors.

The end of the century saw the destruction of the last vestige of the old nucleus of Hollins, whence the glory of the Institute had started. Although an imposing edifice stands in the place once occupied by the dear old West Building, the memory of that old house will not fade in the minds of many who called it their home whilst inmates of our alma mater.

The new West Building completes the many modern improvements made from time to time by the wonderful old gentleman, whose name will forever be linked with Hollins as the founder, inspirer and master-workman of one of the foremost seats of learning in the South, and it is a befitting climax of his life's work, as it places the Institute abreast with the times in all its appointments.

FRANCES WOOTTERS.





### A Conglomeration.

In all this great and grand creation,  
There 's not a more beloved foundation,  
Where girls from *every* place and nation  
Gather to get an education.

'Tis here we struggle with dictation,  
And many a doleful recitation,  
We haven't even a relation  
To help us out of some temptation.

Sometimes a girl with deliberation,  
Will try to *skip* her recitation  
And then is filled with great vexation,  
When she fails on examination.

There 's no such thing as affection,  
Nor men to carry on flirtation,  
Our only true inclination  
Is to rest from dissipation.

But to June we look with expectation,  
For gathered together at Hollins station,  
There 'll be a mighty congregation,  
Restless, waiting for transportation.

KATHERINE BOYCE TUPPER.



1901.

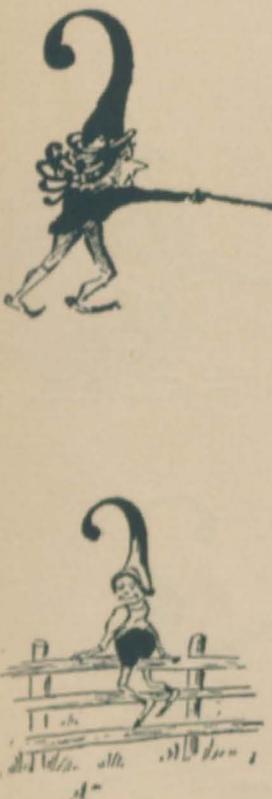
## That's The Question.



SUCH a weary and care-worn look on the faces of Hollins girls? Because examinations have been in full sway of late, and even in sleep we have had visions of an army of interrogation points arrayed against us, a mighty host of goblin invaders thronging the grounds.

Oh, weird and awful sight! Here and there some great and important General Question stalks grimly on—a foe fully expected but never prepared for; while the smaller and more vexing queries dance around their victim, the hapless schoolgirl, with the impish glee of their guerrilla warfare. One pokes an impudent "*Why*" in her face, and grins with malicious triumph at her bewilderment. Another and another prick her with the spear-point "*When*," and squirm with mocking grimaces about the wretched girl, in whose memory there stands, perchance, no historical character that is not as devoid of dates as Melchizedek.





What wonder that we are seized with a shuddering horror which might well become a frenzy if we had our examinations in the Spanish language, where they both begin and end a question with the hated sign.

This mark claims to have descended from the plump, round, good natured letters *Q* and *o*, the van and rear-guard of the old word *Quæstio*; but here the law of heredity fails signally. Nothing is more unlike his respected and rotund ancestors than this lank, wiry, and malicious grandson.

Would that they all could be caught and converted—or rather inverted—into wardrobe-hooks!

We are not cowards, I hope; but a question is the most treacherous of foes. "Direct questions"—pshaw! who ever knew an interrogation point to be anything but crooked in its dealings?

In any proposed action a question is "on the fence," of course; it leans toward the negative, but lacks the force of character to leap boldly down and make a stand on that side.

It has no "back-bone" of principle or, if any at all, that member has been sadly warped by curvature of the spine.

Though a question is hard to resist, our only chance is to be on the defensive. To attack this foe is impossible.



We can not contradict him, for he makes no statement.

We can not strike him, for there is nothing of him to hit.

We can not drive him from his position, for he takes no grounds.

We can not invade his possessions, for he claims none.

He only comes there, looks inquiringly at our temples of wisdom, and they crumble into dust. He turns his gaze upon our hopes, and they fade away into despair.

In all earnestness, braver souls than ours have trembled under a like dread. The great Schumann's *Why* suggests in music what Hamlet's soliloquy utters in poetry—those deep questionings which brood like the night over the human race, burdening men's hearts from the beginning until now.



## The Hollins Calendar.

1900-1901.

SEPTEMBER 20TH. The Young Women's Christian Association Reception.  
OCTOBER 9TH. The Dickens Cosmorama.  
OCTOBER 12TH. The Literary Study of the Bible.  
OCTOBER 13TH. Shakespeare and the Bible—Professor Thomas Hume, University of North Carolina.  
OCTOBER 20TH. "Tinker Day."  
OCTOBER 27TH. General John Burgoyne as a Dramatist—Dr. J. M. McBryde, Hollins Institute.  
OCTOBER 28TH. The Teachers' Concert.  
NOVEMBER 17TH. Geology—Professor Harry Campbell, Washington and Lee University.  
NOVEMBER 24TH. "House-warming"—West Building Reception.  
NOVEMBER 25TH. Miss Parkinson's Reception.  
NOVEMBER 25TH. Basket-Ball Banquet.  
NOVEMBER 26TH. The Soul—Professor Frances Quarles, Washington and Lee University.  
DECEMBER 10TH. The Euzelian Play—"A Scrap of Paper."  
DECEMBER 15TH. Genesis and Growth of the Arthurian Epic.  
DECEMBER 16TH. Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress—Professor Thomas Hume, University of North Carolina.  
DECEMBER 17TH. The Pupils' Fall Concert.  
DECEMBER 24TH }  
JANUARY 1ST } Christmas Holidays.  
DECEMBER 31ST. New Year's Eve Reception.  
JANUARY 7TH. Reading in Negro Dialect—Dr. J. M. McBryde, Hollins Institute.  
JANUARY 14TH. Poets and Poetry—Professor F. V. N. Painter, Roanoke College.  
FEBRUARY 9TH. "Lee Evening"—Public meeting of the Euepian Literary Society.  
FEBRUARY 13TH. Reading of *Cyrano de Bergerac*, by Mr. Clark.  
FEBRUARY 25TH. The South's Sad Singers—Professor C. W. Kent, University of Virginia.  
MARCH 2D. Public meeting of the Euzelian Literary Society.  
MARCH 9TH. Mr. Perry's Piano Recital.  
MARCH 11TH. The Paris Exposition—Professor W. N. Thornton, University of Virginia.

MARCH 18TH. The Euepian Play—"A Bachelor's Romance."  
MARCH 22D. The Foremost Man of All this World—Professor C. Mitchell, Richmond College.  
MARCH 30TH. The Pupils' Spring Concert.  
APRIL 1ST. "Vaudeville."  
APRIL 13TH. Mrs. Browning.  
APRIL 14TH. The Hymns of the Ages—Professor Thomas Hume, University of North Carolina.  
APRIL 15TH. Piano Recital by Miss Pleasants's Pupils.  
APRIL 16TH. "A Convocation of States."  
APRIL 22D. Piano Recital by Mr. Bodell's Class.  
MAY 11TH. Piano Recital by Mr. Elwell's and Mr. Mack's Pupils.  
MAY 13TH. Piano Recital by Miss Frances Wootters and Miss Estelle Battaille.  
MAY 20TH. Piano and Organ Recital by Miss Margaret Braswell and Miss Daisy Estes.  
MAY 27TH. Piano Recital by Miss Eleanor Gathright and Miss Mary Dill.  
JUNE 1ST-5TH. Commencement.



## To the Class of the Ten o'clock Hour.

'Cross the way o'er there in its own little spot,  
Bedecked with many a flower,  
Stands a room very dear to the Latin girls' heart—  
To the class of the ten o'clock hour.

'T is a quaint old room with its pictures and books,  
But quaintest of all is he,  
The one who presides with prophetic looks,  
O'er the fate of you and me.

Songs of Horace, our friend, resound through the room,  
His beautiful melodies flow,  
Till some luckless girl of ill-fated doom,  
Says *ámo* instead of *amó*.

Then the melody flies, we know not where,  
A stern voice comes in its stead :  
" That word was not right, were our poet friend here,  
In shame would he hide his head."

Thus the days come and go in that quiet old room,  
Without there is sunshine or shower—  
But 't is all the same to those trembling girls,  
To the class of the ten o'clock hour.

MARGARET BRASWELL.

37

THE LAWN IN MIDWINTER



## The Mirror.

"Therefore, good Brutus, be prepared to hear:  
And since you know you can not see yourself  
So well as by reflection, I, your glass,  
Will modestly discover to yourself  
That of yourself which you yet know not."

MR. PLEASANTS:

"I had rather have such men my friends than enemies."

DR. KUSIAN:

"He reads much: He is a great observer and he looks quite through  
the deeds of men."

MISS MATTY COCKE:

"Oh, *she* sits high in all the people's hearts."

MR. ESTES COCKE:

"That part of tyranny that I do bear, I can shake off at pleasure."

MR. BODELL:

"Am I a married man or a bachelor? Then to answer every man  
directly and briefly, wisely and truly: wisely, I say, I am — a bachelor."

DR. MCBRYDE:

"Yon Cassius hath a lean and hungry look;  
He thinks too much: such men are dangerous."

MR. ALBERTI:

"Him and his worth, and our great need of him, you have right well  
conceited."

MISS STONE:

"Seldom *she* smiles and smiles in such a sort,  
As if *she* mocked *herself* and scorned *her* spirit,  
That could be moved to smile at anything."

MISS ANNIE COLE:

"*She* was my friend, faithful and just to me."

MISS LANGLEY:

" Think you that I am no stronger than my sex?"

MISS CLEVELAND:

" I have a man's mind, but a woman's might."

MISS SCOTT:

" And very wisely threat before you sting."

MISS THALIA HAYWARD:

" Friends am I with you all and love you all."

DR. DRAKE:

" Hear me with patience."

MISS TERRELL:

" Fear *her* not Cæsar; *she's* not dangerous."

MR. ELWELL:

" I was ill-tempered, too."

MR. TURNER:

" Say I am merry."

MR. DUKE:

" Such men as he be never at heart's-ease,  
Whiles they behold a greater than themselves."

MISS PARKINSON:      }      MISS PURYEAR:      }      " For you know Brutus is Cæsar's angel."

MISS BAYNE:

" I can tell thee what thou shouldst do."

MRS. KONE:

" Urge me no more, I shall forget."

MISS PLEASANTS:

" For I am armed so strong in honesty."

MR. MACK:

" He thinks he is still at his instrument."

MISS TOWNSEND:

" Your voice shall be as strong as any man's."

MISS RUDD:

" You stared upon me with ungentle looks."

MISS BATTAILLE:

MISS DUGGER:

MISS THORNTON:      }      " A great crowd following."

MISS ESTES:

MISS FAY:



## Mr. Hankle, the Lawyer.

CHARLES BAKER, who sat in the prisoner's box, was a man of about thirty-five years. He was thick-set, with a dark, forbidding countenance. His ears projected somewhat from his head; long heavy lashes shaded his small, piercing, black eyes. His other features were rather coarse, and too large for his face. He was repulsive looking, and yet there was something pathetic about him. His clothes sadly showed the want of a needle. He had a neglected look, and the deep furrows in his forehead plainly told of trouble and sorrow.

Charles Baker was a man not at all well-known in Rockville. He had come to the town some weeks before to work on the railroad. The evidence against him, although very strong, was entirely circumstantial. He had been seen on the afternoon of July 11th, in company with a man named White. That night White had been found on the main road with his head crushed.

Baker had gotten helplessly muddled when cross-examined, and there was little, if any, hope of his being cleared.

Mr. Hankle, Baker's lawyer, began his speech slowly. He said that the evidence, which had been given, was purely circumstantial and not of a convicting nature, that the prisoner's character was blameless in Rockville. He gradually worked upon the feelings of the jury and people until they were in the highest state of excitement. He paused, turned suddenly to the jury, and leaning far over the railing he almost whispered:

"Can't you see, not far from here, that little cottage with a mother standing in the door, and happy, laughing children playing in the yard? Can't you see in years to come a pale, broken-hearted woman dragging out a miserable existence, struggling, struggling? Do you see those pinched faces of her children, drawn from want and sorrow which a child should never know? I say, do you see that woman waiting and watching for someone who never comes? Do you hear her broken-hearted sob, as she turns from the window? Can't you hear her? Can't you see her, I say? That woman is the wife of Charles Baker, who though an innocent man, is condemned by this jury for a foul murder."

When Mr. Hankle finished his speech and slowly resumed his seat, there was in the crowded court-room a heavy stillness which was broken by a woman sobbing aloud. The men stared hard in front of them, and tried to keep back the tears which gathered in their eyes.

The jury filed out slowly, and the stillness grew more solemn, broken now and then by a scared whisper or the uneasy movement of a chair. The court-room was almost stifling, with close air; the suppressed excitement became more and more intense. The women moved restlessly, and the men shuffled their feet, as they watched the prisoner, who looked in front of him with a cold, hard expression.

The stillness was growing unbearable, when the door opened and the jury came in. They stood with bowed heads as the words of the foreman fell slowly on the death-like silence: "We the jury find the prisoner—not guilty."

\* \* \* \* \*

As Mr. Hankle walked down the court-house steps, congratulated on all sides by friends and strangers, some one caught him by the sleeve, and turning he saw his client.

"I—I—I—thank you'er—Mr. Hankle," stammered Baker, "but—er—," and his eyes fell to the pavement, "What made you think it? I ain't married."

K. TUPPER.



## Memories.

JACK THORNTON sat in his deep, leather chair, surrounded by all the luxuries peculiar to a rich bachelor's apartments. He heeded not the howling wind, or the silent snow, which was fast clothing the city with a mantle of white; nor were his thoughts of his approaching marriage. As the smoke from his well-chosen Havana, wreathed itself upward, Jack's mind reverted to the time when he was a boy of twenty. Again he was sitting beside Maude, Maude with her wistful, brown eyes, and wealth of golden hair; and that winning way that she had!

"Do you recollect the last evening we were together? It was at a dance, which I 'stagged,' because you made another engagement. When I said, 'Good night,' do you remember that night? I had made up my mind, Maude, to ask you to be my wife. On the way home I overtook Perry. He said to me in an off-hand way, 'Jack, Maude James is dead easy, isn't she? I talked to her for a while, and before I left her she let me . . .' He stopped suddenly and began to talk of something else. How those words rang in my ears! Did you believe my note which I wrote you the next morning? Did you think I was really too busy to keep an engagement with *you*, Maude? I never came again, and you never knew why!'

\* \* \* \* \*

"Yes, it was the next winter that I met Mary Mason in Paris. Ye gods! What eyes she had! Eyes that burned into one's soul like living coals of fire. And that mass of black hair! How I used to beg her to part it instead of wearing it straight back. It was down at the Gault House that I learned my fate. Mary was seated like a queen on her throne, while I, several steps below, sat as her devoted slave. It was then that she told me of her engagement to Preston Lawrence.

"The wedding took place in the fall, and I was the best man. I wonder if she remembers that I was the first to wish her a bright and happy future."

\* \* \* \* \*

Thornton lighted another cigar, and in its curling clouds, he saw a face like that of an angel's.

"How innocent and sweet you were Marguerite! Yes, I loved you as I never loved another. I went to New York for a few days, but you were ever in my thoughts, and I longed to see you; as if I had been separated for months.

"I wrote you a letter. I told you of my love, I asked you to marry me, and said that I would be home on the following day for my answer. Driving quickly from the station, I leaped up the steps and bounded into my room. On the table lay a little box addressed to 'Mr. Jack Thornton,' in an unmistakeable hand. I eagerly cut the cord and opened the box. It held a bunch of violets. Two often had we studied the language of flowers, for me not to know that violets meant 'sympathy.' The wound is still too open for me to recall the suffering of the succeeding hours.

"I put the flowers back into the little box, and several days later I left for an extended tour abroad. Then came that terrible illness, and in my delirium, they say, I called, and called for you. Why didn't you come to me Margie?

"Ten years have passed since then, and grey hairs are sprinkled among the black, and yet I am only thirty-six. I wonder if that little box of violets is still where I put it on that memorable day?" Jack opened a secret drawer of his secretary, and there, in one corner, lay the little box. Carefully untying it, he gazed with moist eyes at the little, dried flowers. His cigar fell from his hand. He started as if caught doing something wrong. A voice seemed to be saying to him, "Jack, old boy, do you know that to-morrow is your wedding day?—that you are to marry the reigning belle of the season? Are you sure you love her, Jack?"

"Yes, I love her, but not as I loved Marguerite; that is impossible!"

This query angered him, and with a quick movement he tossed the violets toward the fire. The clock struck two. Picking up a decanter Jack Thornton poured out a glass of wine and drank a silent toast to the four loves of his life. To the two he *had* loved, and to the two who still held dominion over his heart. With a deep sigh, and a last glance at the little box which had fallen upon the hearth, Thornton retired for the night.

The next morning when Peter, Jack's man, came to awaken him, he grumbled to himself, "Just look all this litter Mr. Jack done put down here."

He picked up several magazines which had fallen from the table, pieces of newspapers, and a number of letters. Going to the hearth, he took up the box with the violets. It slipped from his hand, and the little withered flowers fell to the floor. As the leaves broke apart, there flitted through the air a bit of paper, which fell at Peter's feet. He picked it up and read: "Yes.—Margie."

"Some of Mr. Jack's foolishness, I know," murmured the darky, and together with some other bits of paper, he threw it into the fire.

HARRIET SWEENEY.

## The Trials of Authorship.

"Young ladies, your next composition work will be a story."

These were the words that greeted me as I hurriedly entered the classroom one day, a little behind time.

I groaned a dreadful groan. I turned to the girl sitting next to me. I know I looked a blank, unspeakable despair. I think I must have looked ghastly, I felt ghastly.

Mary said as if frightened, "What is the matter, Helen?"

"How on earth can I write a story?"

She smiled, and whispered sweetly, "If you can't write it on *earth*, take a trip to somewhere else, and see if you can write it there."

I could think of nothing for days but the story I had to write. Damocles thought himself in a bad fix with a suspended sword above his head, but a sword is nothing compared to "*a story to write*" hanging above you. The Ancient Mariner! Why the Ancient Mariner did not know what "*a weight of misery*" means with only a dead albatross around his neck. He ought to have had "*a story to write*," tied to him!

The same week that we were told to write a story, the subject of our mythology lesson was "Tartarus." Well, I had been in Tartarus for several days, and felt very much at home. When we came to Sisyphus I said to him, "Now, see here, my friend, you think you've got a hard job, but I'll change jobs with you. Rolling a stone *isn't in it*. Just try to write a story!"

One day I sat down, and announced my intention "to write a story!" Further than this I did not get for two hours, except the chewing up of two new, five-cent pencils that I bought to write my story with. Finally I decided to write a love story. I started well enough, but I soon stopped. The first hitch was a name for the heroine. It was impossible to go on writing about a nameless person, and I could think of no name suited to my heroine. I believe in the physiognomy of names. I did not wish to use a name that any *other* novelist had used; and the few left for me to choose from did not fit. After a while, I compromised, and decided to call her Salome.

After many trials and vicissitudes,—the angels and I only know how many,—I got Salome and her lover together under a tree; but from under that tree she positively refused to budge. I tried every way in the world,

but move she would not. I got Tom up, he was Salome's lover, but, of course, he wouldn't go off and leave her sitting there alone, just after he had asked her to marry him, and had . . . . her. I gave up in despair. "It would be just what you deserved if you freeze to death under that tree," I muttered. "I'll get even with you one way if I can't another," and I wrathfully tore her into pieces. This experience disgusted me with love stories. I despise to see girls so crazy about boys.

I decided to write a story of a dog. I wrote it. Afterwards, every time I looked a real, live dog in the face I blushed to think of the creature of my brain. And so poor Jack went the way of Salome, not under a tree, but into the waste-paper basket.

For the next two days I thought of nothing but my story. I thought, and I thought, and I thought, but not a bit of good did it do. When the waiter asked me at the table, "What will you have to drink?" "A plot for my story, please," I said. "We hain't got none, Miss," he replied. "No," I said, "I reckon not; neither have I."

It occurred to me suddenly that my talent lay in humor. Somehow I had forgotten it. I know that I am a sort of mixture of Josh Billings, Mark Twain, George Eliot, and Mrs. Browning all in one. I wouldn't tell it around generally, but I believe that's the chief reason that I have so much trouble when I try to write a story. You see, it's kinder hard to get yourself straightened out and be one person at a time, when you are mixed up this way by natural "bornation."

I finished it. I mean "a funny story." I had an uneasy feeling that it was not quite as funny as I meant it to be. I read it to my roommate to see what she thought of it. Fortunately, I did not tell her what my intention was in writing it. When I looked up, she was trying in vain to wipe away the tears that were streaming down her face.

"Why, oh! why, did you write such a gloomy, such a heart-rending story?" she cried.

I controlled myself by a masterful effort, "It has always been the ambition of my life to write a tragedy," I remarked.

After she had left the room, I tore my tragi-comedi story into a thousand pieces; kicked over two or three chairs, yanked the shade off the roller, broke two lamp chimneys, knocked the bottle of ink over on my roommate's dollar box of SPINSTER paper,—and then I did what Uncle Toby did; and if you don't know what Uncle Toby did, ask Laury Sterne; he'll tell you.

Just then, my chum came bounding in, with that satisfied air that she wears, and chirped,

"Julie, have you written your story?"  
I never spoke, I just glared at her.  
"Is it all written?" she sweetly simpered.  
"Written!" I sobbed.  
"Written!!" I cried.  
"Written!!!" I yelled.  
"I—wish—the woman—who—said—we—had—a story—to—  
write—"  
"Oh, Julie!"  
"Oh, Marie! y—e—s;—I—do—wishes—it—and, you 'll—never—keep—  
me from—wishing—it!"

JULIA B. ROBERTSON.





OFFICERS ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION



CAPTAIN OF THE YEMASSEES

## The Yemassee.

### Colors.

Red and Black.

### Yell.

Chick, chicka, chow !  
Bicka, Bicka, bow !  
Chicks, chicka, quack !  
Red and Black !  
Rah !

TUNE: "Clementine."

At the ball game on Thanksgiving,  
When the Crimson players win,  
Then the rooters and the tooters  
All must holler just like sin !

### Chorus:

Rah ! for Crimson !  
Rah ! for Crimson !  
Of all others we 're ahead,  
We will hold the cup forever !  
Three cheers for the Black and Red !

We will beat you,  
We 'll defeat you  
We, the winning Red and Blacks,  
Alas, for you, you 'll get the game, girls,  
Where the chicken got the axe ?

### Chorus:

Rah ! for Crimson ! etc.



57 THE YEMASSEES

TOTEM: Arrow. COLOR: Crimson.

Biscoe, L. F.	Duke, Manager.	Wait, R. F.	Harrelson, C.
Rife, S.	Carter, R. G.	Dickinson, L. G.	
Verden, S.	Hinton, F. C.	Cocke, G.	Carney, P.
Clark, B. C.			Jester, S.



CAPTAIN OF THE MOHICANS

## The ~~M~~ohicans.

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### Colors.

Blue and Gold.

### Yell.

TUNE: "Bugle Call."

Hoola, hoola, hoola for the blue and the gold,  
Hoola, hoola, hoola for the blue and the gold.

### Song.

TUNE: "A Hot Time."

Oh, you may hear the Crimson shout  
That they are going to win,  
And they think there 's none like Carney  
To put the ball right in;  
But when we have our Mallory  
With us upon the field,  
Let the Crimson go to thunder,  
For we 'll never, never yield.

When you hear those horns go tool-a-toot,  
All join in and loudly we 'll root,  
And when the game is over  
In the chorus all join in,  
There 'll be a hot time in Hollins to-night.



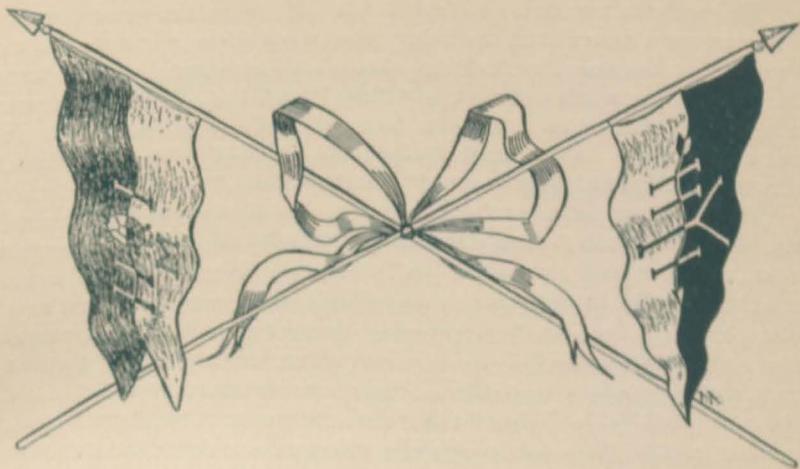
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THE MOHICANS

TOTEM: Tortoise.

COLOR: Blue.

Turner, Manager Denny, S. Mallory, P. Russel, C. Scarborough, S.  
Harrelston, R. F. Bransford, L. G. Hornor, S. Dimon, G. Henderson, L. F. Masters, B. C. Loeb, R. G. Sweeny, F. C.



## Basket-Ball.

AT Hollins, Thanksgiving Day of nineteen hundred marks an epoch in the development of basket-ball—a development in skill as well as in interest. The teams were splendidly trained, each one having its own coach, and it was not an "Oh, that don't count!" game, which so many of our college brothers imagine the girls play, but those of our brothers who saw it can tell you that the ball was handled with quite as much skill as they ever saw displayed on the gridiron.

The silver Challenge Cup, presented this year for the first time, and by Mr. Lucian H. Cocke, of Roanoke, was the great incentive that gave fire to the match game. The cup bears the inscription, "Forsan et haec olim meminisse juvabit," and to both teams, no doubt, it will always recall a day very pleasant to remember.

That was a glorious day indeed, when the "Blue and Gold" met the "Red and Black" on the field of struggle. For days and days there had been no thought but that of basket-ball. Everybody talked colors, sang colors, and looked colors; and colors were everywhere, even hoisted to the tops of buildings. Favor was equally divided in families, for instance, Dr. and Mrs. Drake, our resident physician and his wife, took opposite sides, and by this means there was a victorious member in each household.

Promptly at two-thirty o'clock in the afternoon, the great pageants of rooters were formed, and the living mass of red advanced to the scene of the game, accompanied by deafening shouts and penetrating noise of horns. They were closely followed by the "Blues," with their flags and banners flying. Foremost of each line was borne the mascot of each team, also done out in colors. A fat Thanksgiving turkey "gobbled" for the "Reds," while a squealing little pig "rooted" for the "Blues."

The game was played in three innings, and in the first the Yemassees,—they were the "Reds,"—made the score that tells the tale. Carney, the putter, with her cool composure, and steady aim, landed the ball in the basket, three times in rapid succession on fouls, and again on a clear throw, making the score five. In the next inning, the Mohicans held up their reputation, and did some splendid playing. The putter, Mallory, and right-guard, Henderson, raised the score to three. Then came the climax, the last inning, which was played with all the vim that could be mustered by the two nines. "For every action there was an opposite and equal reaction," and when the umpire called the time, the score had not been changed, and a cry arose from the victorious Yemassees, as they raised their captain on their shoulders, and amid the uproar, bore her from the field.

But while the enthusiasm of the "rooters," was filling the air, there were great preparations being made in the dining-room, for the big Basketball Banquet which took place that night, and at which the silver loving cup was presented. With a charming "before dinner" speech, Mr. Lucian Cocke performed this function most gracefully, and thus, after a dinner of many courses, ended the unique features of Thanksgiving Day.

ETTA H. BLANCHARD.



## An Afternoon at Golf.

Four o'clock at Hollins.

"Going to golf this afternoon?" "No, going to parallel Latin!" was the mournful answer.

"Want to golf?" "Well, I should rather guess not, with a Physics exam. to-morrow."

And so on it goes, those whom stern duty beckons with threatening finger casting longing glances at the frivolous pleasure-seekers.

It was hard to decide, but I, too, would have followed the bony finger which pointed unmistakably to parallel Latin, had not a forlorn, ragged figure, apart from the group of little black caddies, caught my eye. The beseeching, chocolate eyes, peering from the pinched, cocoa face, told me that it was Richard, my Richard, and he was waiting for me. Those things left undone which I should have done, those things done which I should not have done, fled in frightened confusion, as, completely overcome by that one appealing look, I rushed up-stairs for my golf clubs.

Down again in a minute, I turned the corner of the "East Tinyment," and walked on, regardless of the sudden rush towards me, the dozen pairs of little black greasy hands, and "Want a caddie, Miss?" "Let me take your sticks ma'am." "Caddie for a nickel," etc.

Two rows of shiny, white teeth, and a happy grin spreading from ear to ear, were all the recompense needed when I reached Richard. With an exultant little giggle over his shoulder at the caddies who had turned from me in disgust to beset the next golf fiend, he took my clubs, and together we walked towards the telling ground.

Richard was worthy of all the admiration height bestows. Not much taller than the golf clubs he was so delightedly carrying, it seemed almost a miracle how he managed with apparent ease the enormous pointed-toed shoes. His trousers striking his little bare legs midway between the knees and ankles, were fringed around the bottom. For a doublet, my knight in attendance wore, with careless grace, a gray Eton jacket, in years gone by, probably discarded by some generous girl. As I looked, the topless straw hat was crammed more closely over the big eyes.

This was Richard, and Richard was a fair sample of the dozen other caddies, who, to you, would have all looked alike, but to an experienced eye,

not so. Each one had his own peculiar marks of individuality, and in no particular did the plump and stolid Herbert Smith resemble the molasses-colored Sydney Melvin.

The teeing ground was reached without either of us having spoken a word. As was my custom, my first two drives had their effect on the air, and my third on the earth, but finally a successful knock sent the ball—I knew not where, but already Richard's little legs were in motion, and a "Dah hit, Miss," told me that the ball had been found.

The keen, eager eyes steadily followed the ball until we reached the top of the hill, when Richard, as well as I, voluntarily stood still.

The flag at the fourth putting green was silhouetted against a clear blue sky, fading gradually into yellow, orange and rich purple, while the big red sun was taking a last peep from behind the dark mountains outlined in the distance.

Soon a, "How fur off does you reckon that is, Miss?" showed that the distance, "so near and yet so far," was appealing to him, and not the gorgeous mass of coloring.

We watched until the sun slowly sank out of sight, and then my little caddie shouldered the clubs and we finished our course around the links, myself, at least, filled with the feeling of how good it is to live. When we had again reached the "East Tinyment," and the shiny nickel had slipped from the corner of my handkerchief into the eager, outstretched hand, the beaming face showed that Richard, too, thought life worth living.

F. L. W.



GOLF CLUB

## Tennis.

ALTHOUGH basket-ball has been the most popular sport this year, tennis has by no means been slighted. There are some enthusiasts, of course, several very regular players, and quite a number of amateurs, who have struggled many an afternoon, vainly trying to master the racket and ball.

All of this latter class have shown untiring energy and perseverance, and many have proved themselves well adapted to the art and have gained the unbounded respect of their less fortunate sisters. Some to whom the game seems to present serious difficulties have learned *to serve*, others *to return*, a few to keep score, while others still fan the air in their wild efforts to hit the tricky ball which lands at an opposite corner of the court to that at which they are aiming, leaving its poor assailant gazing heavenward with her racket poised in mid-air.

But among all these quite a number of good players may be found, and any who are so inclined may see a good game almost every afternoon.

It has been our custom to have the tennis tournament in the fall, but this year on account of the unusual interest in basket-ball, it was thought best to leave it until spring, and it has now been added to the list for field-day.

The girls who expect to enter the tournament, Misses L. Cocke, Hinton, M. Rainey, M. Cocke, E. Schmelz, Pollard, D. Baughman, and Mallory, with Mr. Estes Cocke as coach, have practiced faithfully. Every evening, soon after the first triangle, a large crowd of girls may be seen strolling up from the athletic grounds, discussing the number of games they have lost and won, and each wondering to herself who will be the lucky one to win "that dandy racket."

Tennis playing seems to be infectious, for since this practice has begun, there has been such a rush for the courts that the afternoon has to be divided, and each one is compelled to patiently wait her turn.

Those who play in the tournament will, no doubt, be inspired when they are greeted on field-day by an enthusiastic crowd of rooters with an elaborate array of horns, whistles, tin pans and perhaps our venerable triangle. They will put forth their best efforts and all our anticipations for an exciting game will be thoroughly realized.



COMPETITORS IN THE TENNIS TOURNAMENT



OFFICE OF MR. J. A. TURNER



OFFICE OF MR. F. W. DUKE, PROFESSOR OF MATHEMATICS



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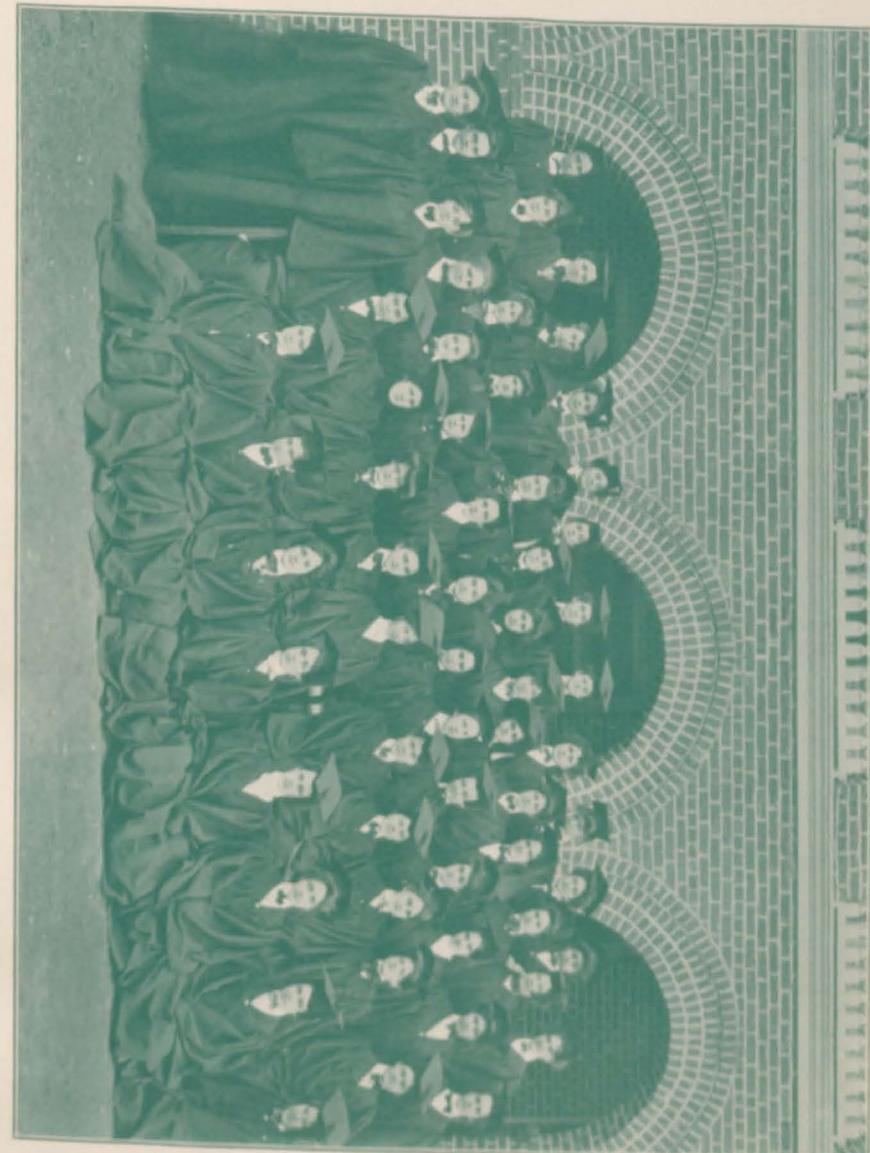
1900-1901.

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EUZELIAN LITERARY SOCIETY





## Scrap of Paper.

### CAST OF CHARACTERS.

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Baron de la Glaciere	Miss Carolyn Bransford
Brisemouche (landed proprietor and naturalist)	Miss Hallie Dickinson
Anatole (his ward, much overridden by Zenobie)	Miss Hafford Porter
Baptiste (servant to the Baron)	Miss Annie Myrtle Sengo
Francois (servant to Prosper)	Miss Eva Murray
Louise, Baroness de la Glaciere	Miss Allene Tupper
Mademoiselle Suzanne de Ruseville (her cousin)	Miss Mary Alden Denny
Mathilde (sister to Louise and in love with Anatole)	Miss Etta Blanchard
Mademoiselle Zenobie { sister of Brisemouche } and all for decorum	Miss Harriet Sweeny
Madame Dupont (housekeeper of the chateau)	Miss Leonora Cocke
Pauline (maid)	Miss Grace Greenwood

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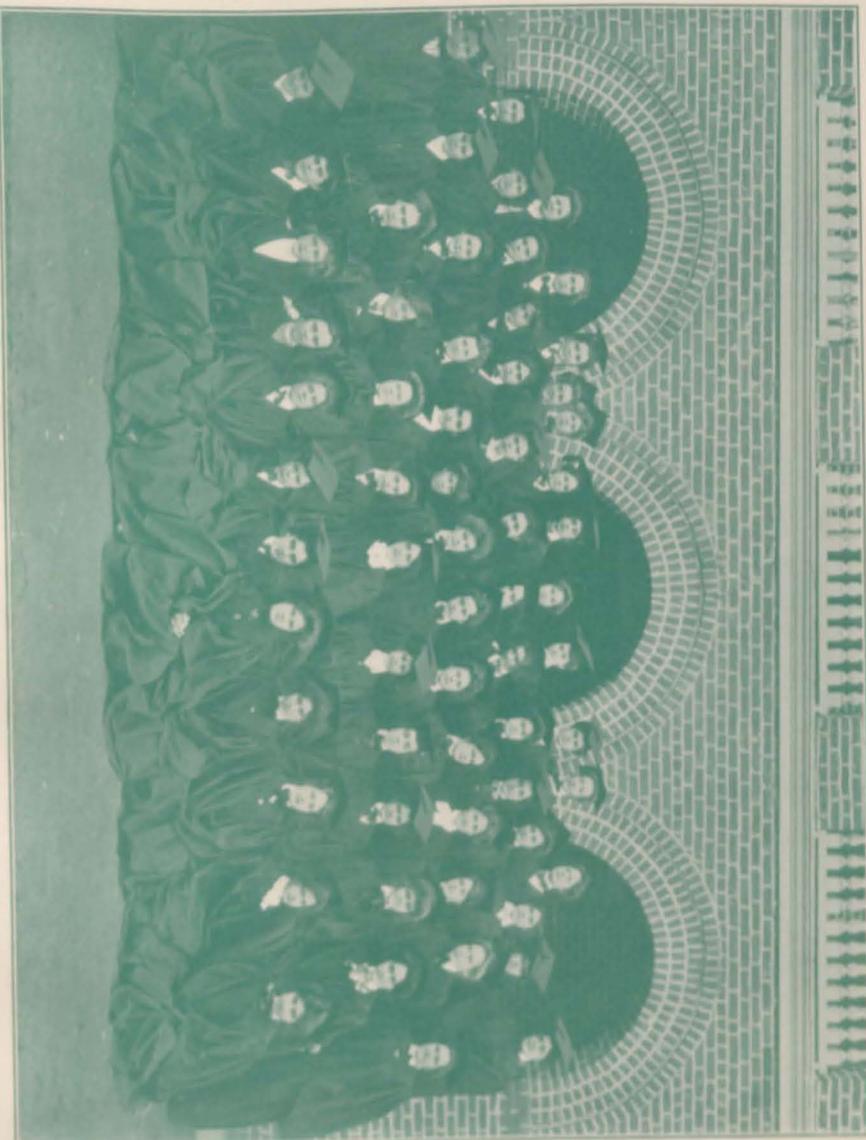
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## A Bachelor's Romance.

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Literary critic of Review,	
Gerald Holmes . . . . .	Edyth Louise Mallory
A pleasure-loving man of the world.	
Martin Beggs . . . . .	Nancy Wood Wright
David's secretary and confidential friend.	
Harold Reynolds . . . . .	Lucy Camp
On staff of Review,	
Archibald Lytton Savage . . . . .	Elizabeth Katherine Carney
Modern literary man.	
Mr. Mulberry . . . . .	Eunice Fitzpatrick
An antique literary man of classical education.	
Bufort . . . . .	Julia Elizabeth Deyerle
Servant to Mrs. LeGrand.	
Sylvia . . . . .	Katherine Boyce Tupper
David's ward, and wholly unconventional.	
Miss Clementina (Martin's old love), . . . . .	Elizabeth Gardener Reynolds
A maiden lady who has reared Sylvia.	
Helen LeGrand . . . . .	Emanuela Watts
David's sister, a young widow.	
Harriet Leicester . . . . .	Keatts Biscoe
A society girl.	

### DIRECTOR OF PLAY

PAULINE SHERWOOD TOWNSEND

MUSIC BY ORCHESTRA.

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Florence Booth

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Anne Hume

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Katherine Tupper

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### To the Alumnæ.

**M**AY THE SPINSTER in her journeyings far and wide, carry to you, daughters of Hollins, this message from the girls of 1901! To you who before us have trod these storied halls, to you who have so faithfully upheld the standard of truth and purity that has ever been the glory of our alma mater, we owe a debt of gratitude—a debt that we can cancel only by keeping pure and unsullied that fair ensign now committed to our charge.

This shall be our firm endeavor, and in this way will we prove to you that Hollins is not forgetful of her foster-children, and that because of our common love for her and under the sweet influence that she exerts, her thousands of daughters are as one.

ANNE WILMER HUME.

## Naughty Naught Club.

### Motto.

Errare est humanum.

### Yell.

Rip tum rex !  
Rip tum naught !  
Rip tum bip tum !  
Naughty naught !

### Flower.

Violet.

### Stone.

Opal.

### Colors.

Black and White.

### Members.

LUCILE MACGUIRE CARTER . . . . .	Virginia
GERTRUDE CLARKE . . . . .	Virginia
LEONORA COCKE . . . . .	Virginia
HATTIE DICKINSON . . . . .	Virginia
GRACE GREENWOOD . . . . .	Virginia
MARY VAN FOSSEN MASTERS . . . . .	Virginia
SUSIE VIRGINIA POLLARD . . . . .	Virginia
ANNIE MYRTLE SEAGO . . . . .	Louisiana
FRANCES LALLIE WAIT . . . . .	Tennessee

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Grace Greenwood

Susie Pollard

Mary Masters

Gertrude Clark

Annie Myrtle Seago

Frances Wait

Leonora Cocke

Lucile Carter

Hattie Dickinson





## Capital Club.

### Motto.

"On to Richmond."

### Colors.

Delft-Blue and Gold.

### Flowers.

"May Handy Violets."

### Yell.

Rickety ! Rackety ! Rah ! Hurrah !  
Hickey ! Hackety ! Zah ! Huzzah !  
Quack ! Quack ! Quack ! Quack !  
Capital City—Richmond !

### Members.

ANNABEL BRAY

LUCY WILLIAMSON DUKE

GERTRUDE CLARKE

ELEANOR GATHRIGHT

HALLIE DICKINSON

GRACE GREENWOOD

SUSIE VIRGINIA POLLARD

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MR. FRANK W. DUKE.



Nan Wright      Elisabeth Carney      Eva Murray      Lucile Carter      Daisy Estes  
 Frances Wait      Emma Blanchard      Etta Blanchard      Laura Spencer      Hafford Porter

## Kaffee Klatsch Klubb.

### Motto.

"He who eats and runs away, will live to eat another day."

### Members.

EMMA <i>Hungry</i> BLANCHARD	.....	Specialties.
LUCILE <i>Starved</i> CARTER	.....	Egg Marmalade
ELIZABETH <i>Eatallshecan</i> CARNEY	.....	Vienna Sausages
DAISY <i>Ravenous</i> ESTES	.....	Digestive Mint Candy
LAURA <i>Emaciated</i> SPENCER	.....	Salted Ice Tea
EVAN <i>Illfed</i> MURRAY*	.....	Stewed Canned Peaches
FRANCES <i>Snatchy</i> WAIT*	.....	Ostracised Orange Peeling
NANCY <i>Greedy</i> WRIGHT	.....	Welsh Rarebit à la Ark
ETTA <i>Unsatisfiable</i> BLANCHARD	.....	Lump Cocoa
HAFFORD <i>Devouring</i> PORTER	.....	Fricasseed Beans

\* Decesased.



THE ALCOVE CLUB

Anna Bell Bray      Matty Cocke      Leta Watts      Mary Dill      Lucy Duke  
 Sadie Horner      Mary Harman

## Alcove Club.

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### Motto.

"Grease your door."

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*Song.*  
My Old Kentucky Home

*Colors.*  
Crimson and Gold.

**Yell.**

Rah ! Rah ! Rah !  
Ken-tuck-ee,  
Blue Grass lassies  
Of K. C.

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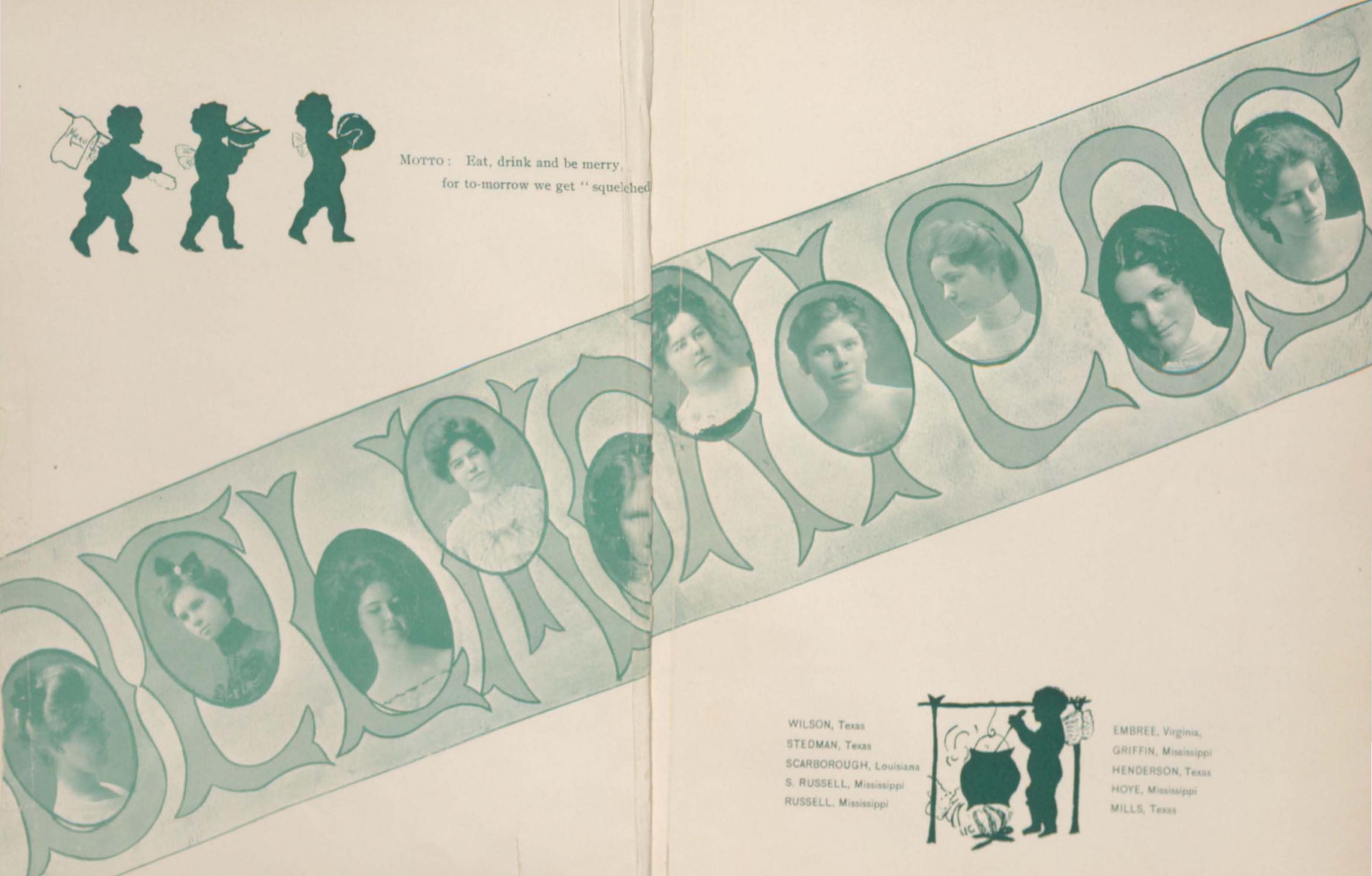
KENTUCKY CLUB



103



MOTTO : Eat, drink and be merry,  
for to-morrow we get "squeched"



WILSON, Texas  
STEDMAN, Texas  
SCARBOROUGH, Louisiana  
S. RUSSELL, Mississippi  
RUSSELL, Mississippi



EMBREE, Virginia,  
GRIFFIN, Mississippi  
HENDERSON, Texas  
HOYE, Mississippi  
MILLS, Texas



## The Saturday Night Walkers.

---

The Gentry of the "East Tinniment."

### Walkers.

EMMA S. BLANCHARD . . . . .	Georgia
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# "THE SMART SET"



Miss Reynolds, Miss Booth, Miss Robinson, Miss Camp-  
Member of the Town - Headed

Page - Hoyau's Alley  
Page - Steady ride of McGehee's Littleton  
Volume - Nine years, Count  
Patch - Any way's Dorr step.

Pater Saint  
Jean Raymond  
Motto

Patch by Pette is good horse riding  
But Pette upon Patch is down right boggery





## The I. M. P. S.

"Behold a wonder! They, but now who seemed  
In bigness to surpass earth's giant sons,  
Now less than smallest dwarfs, in narrow room  
Throng numberless."—PARADISE LOST.

ETHEL MEPHISTO SCHMELZ . . . . .	Virginia
MARGARET PANDEMONIUM WALTERS . . . . .	North Carolina
KATHERINE BEELZEBUB TUPPER . . . . .	New York
ANITA SATAN PENN . . . . .	North Carolina





## Alpha Beta Gamma Class.

Color.  
Baby Blue.

Flower.  
Johnny-jump-up.

### Jargon Jingle.

Faudery, faddery, feathers and fuss !  
Mummery, flummery, wusser and wuss !  
All o' humanity—Vanity Fair !  
Heaven for nothin'—and nobody there !

### Members.

MARTHA LOUISA COCKER	.....	Babe Herrick
ANNE WILMER HUME	.....	Little Orphant Annie
MARIAN WOODSON RAINEV	.....	Curly Locks
JOSEPHINE E. TARLTON	.....	That Funny Little Girl
ALLENE PENDER TUPPER	.....	That Air Young Un
* FLORA O'NEALL WEBSTER	.....	Floretty

\* Advanced to the First Reader.



## Delta Tau Beta.

Founded 1890-1900.

### Sorores.

EDYTH LOUISE MALLORY	.....	Tennessee
MARY WOOD WRIGHT	.....	Arkansas
MARGARET PATTON WALTERS	.....	North Carolina
ANNA EUSTACE COLCOCK	.....	South Carolina
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## Phi Mu Gamma.

Alpha Chapter.

BETA CHAPTER, MISS GRAHAM'S SCHOOL, NEW YORK,  
DELTA CHAPTER, NEW YORK CITY.

### Colors.

Turquoise Blue and Black.

### Motto.

*Εὐαρθρί Σεαυτον.*

Lord and Master: Job XXVIII, 28.

Guardian Spirit: Keoritas.

### Yell.

Raw—bones! Saw—bones!  
Skull—and—cross—bones!  
Sis—boom—bah!  
Phi Mu Gamma!  
Rah! Rah! Rah!

### Toast.

Clink, clank, clank, clink,  
The health of the Phi Mu Gammas we drink.  
Rantling, cantling, living high,  
Phi Mu Gamma! *Never die!*

## Members.

DAISY BELLE ESTES . . . . .	Florida
ELIZABETH CATHARINE CARNEY . . . . .	Virginia
ETHEL MARSHALL SCHMELZ . . . . .	Virginia
EVAN SLOAN MURRAY . . . . .	South Carolina
EMMA SEABROOK BLANCHARD . . . . .	Georgia
LAURA YONGE SPENCER . . . . .	Georgia
GERTRUDE CURLE ARMISTEAD . . . . .	Virginia
HENRIETTA HILL BLANCHARD . . . . .	Georgia



Laura Spencer

Emmie Blanchard

Etta Blanchard

Daisy Estes

PHI MU GAMMA.

Eva Murray Elizabeth Carney

Ethel Schmelz

Gertrude Armistead

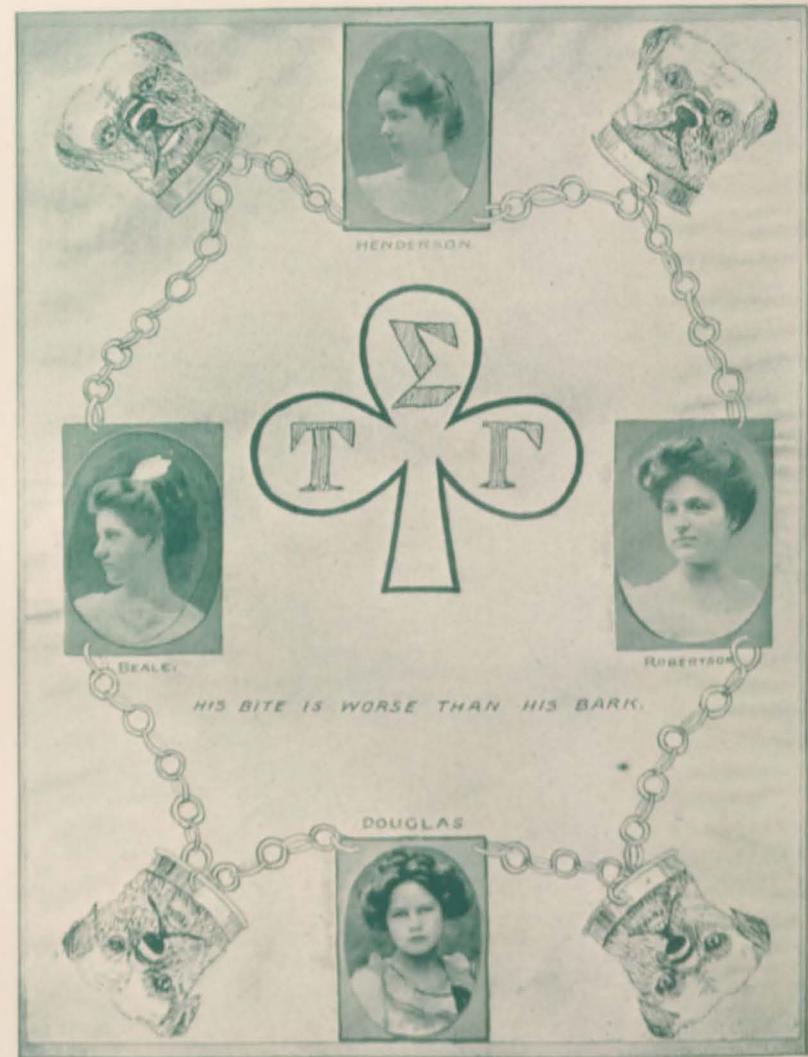


Motto- Gaudemus  
active Members.

Neeta G. Russell. Great High mucky-muck  
Jama Zone Scarborough. Recording Angel.  
Suee G. Russell ..... *X* *F*  
Pauline Embree ..... *C* *S* *T* *S*

- yell -

Humpty-dumpty  
Humpty-dumpty  
Who are we  
Rusty-murty  
Hat did dusty  
K. A. E.





KΦM



Senior Music Girls.

Motto.

Artes Honorabimus.

Colors.

Orange and Black.

Members.

MARY H. DILL	Missouri
MARGARET BRASWELL	North Carolina
ESTRILIE BATTAILLE	Virginia
FRANCES WOOTTERS	Texas
ELEANOR GATHRIGHT	Virginia

Honorary Member: DR. A. T. L. KUSIAN.

## Bijou Song.

TUNE: "When Reuben comes to town."

A school girl just from Hollins went to town the other day,  
You've heard of schoolgirls just like that before.  
Her dress it fit her nicely and her sleeves they fit her tight,  
You've heard of tight sleeves just like that before.  
She dropped in at Catogni's and she bought an awful lot,  
You've heard of buying just like that before.  
And when she got to Hollins why she treated all her friends,  
You've heard of treating just like that before.

*Chorus:*

When a girl goes off to school,  
For a time she'll be a fool;  
It is really very shocking and the fact she should deplore,  
But it can't be helped, alas,  
When girl 's as green as grass—  
She'll meet the fate of hundreds who have gone before.

Girls they come to Hollins and they learn an awful lot,  
You've heard of learning just like that before.  
They think that French is easy and that Literature 's a snap,  
You've heard of soft snap just like that before.  
And when examination comes they wear a weary look,  
You've heard of weary looks like that before;  
And the knowledge that they haven't got would fill a great big book,  
You've heard of big books just like that before.

*Chorus:*

Yes, Hollins is a dear old school for good girls, you and me,  
You've heard of good girls just like that before.  
Across the bridge of asses, back to the Rule of Three,  
You've heard of asses just like that before.  
And if they work with might and main and work with push and go,  
You've heard of working just like that before.  
They have the time in senior year to give a high class show,  
You've heard of high class shows like that before.

*Chorus:*

**Sa-Yo** \*

**FINE CANDIES**

**AND GUMS**

**will be sold between  
acts**

## Our Daily Diet.

Beef, beef, beef,  
On thy cold, white platter, I see!  
And I would that my tongue could clatter  
The thoughts that arise in me.

Oh, well for the cannibal boy,  
As he feeds on his dishes so rare!  
Oh, well for the Fijii lad,  
For other than beef is his share!

And the faithful beef comes on,  
Till I wish that my teeth were a mill;  
But oh for the sight of a juicy steak  
And the sound of a cackle that 's still!

Beef, beef, beef,  
Nothing else is my fortune to see!  
And the tender breast of a duck that is dead  
Will never be served to me!

F. L. W.



SENIOR CLASS

## Class of 1901.

"Doe ye nexte thyng."

### Officers.

FLORENCE BOOTH . . . . .	Ohio . . . . .	President
MARY DENNY . . . . .	Georgia . . . . .	Vice-President
ANNE HUME . . . . .	North Carolina . . . . .	Secretary and Treasurer

### Members.

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MARTHA COCKE . . . . .	Virginia
DAISY ESTES . . . . .	Florida
REBA FITZPATRICK . . . . .	Virginia
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HAFFORD PORTER . . . . .	Maryland
SUSIE POLLARD . . . . .	Virginia
MARION RAINES . . . . .	Louisiana
ELIZABETH REYNOLDS . . . . .	U. S. A.
PEARLE TANKERSLY . . . . .	Texas
JOSEPHINE TARLTON . . . . .	Kentucky
ALLEN TUPPER . . . . .	New York
FRANCES WOOTTERS . . . . .	Texas



### Graduate's Poem.

*We are free from the yoke that but late we bore,  
From the tasks that have oftentimes goaded sore,  
From constraint--but 't was guidance too--ah me !  
Is it this that it means, after all, to be free ?*

*They have led us so safe while we worked out  
the how,  
To do what? Is there no one to tell us now ?*

*In the triumph that riots through heart and brain,  
In the failure that numbs with its sickening pain,  
In the gladness of womanhood waiting without,  
In what sorrow may come, in what fear, what  
doubt.*

*"Doe ye nexte thyng."*

SKETCH CLUB



"When We Were Twenty-One."

There is a crowd at Hollins  
Which they call the Senior Class ;  
There are full one-and-twenty,  
And each one a bonny lass.

In the fall they entered gayly,  
With a merry jest and smile ;  
They viewed the books before them,  
Full of confidence the while.

They vowed they were important,  
Quite the largest thing in school—  
Who would think of revered Senior  
Conforming to each smallest rule !

So by dint of their committees  
Privileges they would seek :  
They would burn the midnight candle  
Six days out of every week.

They would have a cosy parlor,  
Where the Seniors might sip tea ;  
To the store go unattended,  
Independent be and free !

But alas ! by January  
All these rosy dreams had fled,  
And each burdened, plodding Senior  
Feels a dark cloud o'er her head.

Swamped in Latin, Physics, Logic,  
Or by English harrowed sore ;  
Chased by stiff examinations,  
Essays knocking at the door.

Now declares each grasping Senior,  
That *one* privilege is best  
That upon the chapel platform,  
Fresh and simple whiteness dressed,

She may grasp her dear diploma,  
And with April smiles and tears  
Thank her gracious alma mater  
For the parchment that she bears.

It is ever thus in living :  
Gladly do we toil and sow,  
Gladly do we place the mile-stone  
Pointing others where to go.

Gladly do we take—and thankful  
Are our hearts for crumbs that fall ;  
Thankful for the present blessing,  
Never longing for them all.

B.

## Ode to the "East Tinnyment."

Oh beloved old "East Tinnyment,"  
You 're the pride of this green spot;  
With your pillars tall and stately,  
You 're our mansion, and our cot.  
With your mattresses a-sunning,  
And your blankets new and old,  
Gently lapping in the breeze,  
You 're a sight for to behold;  
And with heads a-bobbing out  
When a stranger passes by,  
You 're handsome, you 're imposing,  
And we praise you to the sky,  
Old "East Tinnyment!"

Dear "East Tinnyment,"  
You 've a rival across the way,  
A new building, large and fine,  
Pretty rugs, and polished wood,  
But we bet you can outshine  
Her in many things.  
You 've a roomy, generous air,  
You 're colonial and free,  
One will vainly seek elsewhere  
For the aristocracy.  
Though you 're not of modern mode,  
Yet you are a grand abode,  
And the "Tinnyment!"

E. H. B.

SENIOR PARLOR



## Wanted.

"If wishes were horses, beggars might ride."

- "A smile."—MISS AYRES.
- "To be popular."—MISS MALLORY.
- "To be swell."—MISS SCHMELZ.
- "To make 'Goo Goo' eyes."—MISS EMMIE BLANCHARD.
- "More oceans to cross."—MISS WEISS.
- "A thought."—MISS BRAY.
- "More 'Battailes' to win."—MISS HARMAN.
- "? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ?"—MISS POLLARD.
- "Less love and more common sense."—MISS POWELL.
- "More darlings."—MISS BOOTH.
- "More time to primp."—MISS DAVANT AND MISS WATTS.
- "Shoes to fit."—MISS WAIT.
- "A longer Easter holiday."—MISS ESTELLE BATTAILLE.
- "To be more civilized."—MISS SAVAGE.
- "Another laugh."—MISS MASTERS.
- "To be Frenchy."—MISS RAINY.
- "To be 'Weiss-er.'"—MISS KEYES.
- "Reliable anti-fat."—MISS PENN.
- "To be more musical."—MISS SADIE HORNER.
- "A memory."—MRS. KONE.
- "More time to dash off poems."—MISS MAY HUME.
- "A voice."—MISS SWEENEY.
- "To be less lenient."—MR. ESTES COCKE.
- "A few more girls."—A. T. B.'s
- "Fewer diversions at Hollins."—DR. KUSIAN.
- "More golden reports."—THE SENIOR CLASS.
- "More 'patients.'"—MISS ANNIE COLE.
- "Better dining fare."—MISS GARDINER.
- "To be the boss."—MISS DICKINSON.
- "Something to do."—MISS ARCHER.

" All quarters spent to hear the ventriloquist."  
" To be tidy."—MISS REYNOLDS.  
" To golf."—MISS KATHERINE TUPPER.  
" All her questions answered."—MISS COKER.  
" To be eccentric."—MISS LEONORA COCKE.  
" More people to love her."—MISS LUCILE CARTER.  
" More worlds to conquer."—MR. DUKE.  
" Less sentiment."—MISS CLARKE.  
" To be athletic."—MISS WALTERS.  
" Her lost individuality."—MISS BRANSFORD.  
" A place to read Shakespeare on Sunday."—MISS WOOTTERS AND MISS WILLIAMSON.  
" Less affection."—MISS CAMP.  
" More experience."—

MISS ESTES.	}
MISS THORNTON.	
MISS DUGGER.	

  
" More opportunities for moral lectures."—MISS THORNHILL.  
" The girls to 'get original quotations.'"—MISS STEADMAN (Critic).  
" To know in which one of Shakespeare's plays Napoleon said, 'A horse, a horse, my kingdom for a horse!'"—MISS NUMSEN.



## The Bachelor-maid.

In spite of having overheard some unappreciative friend express the wish that THE SPINSTER would "get married," she is here still, a determined, immovable spinster. She resolutely refused to step aside. Let us call her "Bachelor-maid," for she has discarded the powder and curls of her ancient sisters, she has driven away the inevitable cat, the knitting has been laid aside, and the teacup is no more.

This maiden of the new century is a golf fiend, a lover of basket-ball, even a theater-goer, and boasts of her great learning represented in the Class of Nineteen-one.

The Bachelor-maid hopes that she may be cordially received among the commencement guests. She has arrayed herself just as attractively as possible and now presents herself to her Hollins friends for scrutiny.

She looks back kindly upon her sisters of other years and extends her very good wishes to THE SPINSTER of Nineteen hundred and two.

## The Hollins Blacksmith.

Under the spreading maple-trees,  
Our dear old Hollins stands ;  
And here great Tinker, watching, sees,  
In studious groups, or laughing bands,  
Girls from the distant, chilly North,  
To golden Southern sands.

Full many damsels here are seen,  
Full different as well—  
Some dark, some fair, some fresh, and green,  
And others awfully swell—  
Lean, lank, short, stout—but, Oh ! the time  
Would fail me, all to tell.

Here see the studious girl, who bears  
With her, where e'er she goes, a book ;  
She glances not to right or left,  
But therein earnestly doth look.  
Small time is there for rest, if she  
Would get a "skin" by hook or crook.

Here the athletic girl bounds by,  
At golf, or basket-ball, to play ;  
In sweater, Tam, and tennis shoes,  
Appearing in a brave array—  
Or on the tennis court is seen,  
Holding her own in every fray.

Who walks so listlessly and slow ?  
Whose is this languishing eye ?  
It is the love-sick girl, who seeks  
To see her "darling" nigh.  
Her heart goes pit-a-pat when *her* she sees.  
Oh, what a sad, pathetic case, say I !

"Cramming," feasting, and breaking rules,  
Onward thro' school each goes ;  
Each morning sees some task begun,  
No evening sees it close,—  
For parallel Latin, French, and Lit.,  
Forbid all thought of repose.

Yet, thanks to you, Professors, all,  
For the lessons you have taught ;  
And thanks to thee, our Mother dear,—  
Though we seem to jest, in thought  
Our hearts swell high with love for thee,  
And the good that thou hast wrought.





A New Year's song to you we sing  
Of what nice goods we always bring,  
And on our counters broad, we show  
What you have never seen before !  
Our minds we, constantly, apply  
To please you all, and we do try  
To buy of goods the best and fine,  
In which all friends of ours may shine !  
We 'll sell you anything you need,  
And be as true in word as deed  
To carry out each one's behest  
For you we, now, are at our best !

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"Beware, oh man, lest thou shouldst live  
Alone to eat, and not to eat each day

To live"—but 't was not his fate to give  
Such meals as now we daily find—

Those meats and sweets with which one tries  
Each day the hearts of hungry men to bind,  
And every hungry one now, loudly cries  
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